

The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXIII

MARCH, 1957

Number 12

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



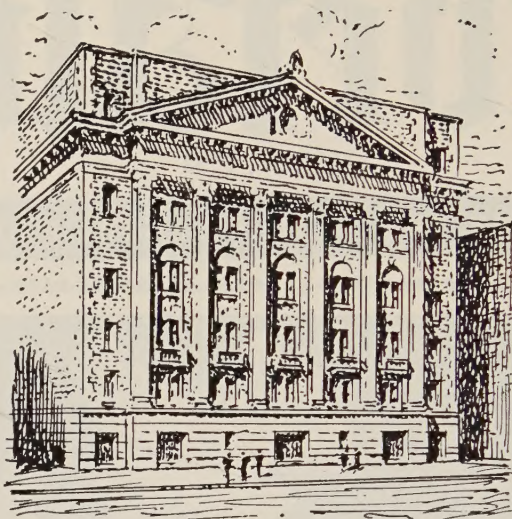
Oh a grand old time has the earth
In the long long life she lives! . . .

She spawns little seeds
By the wombful, the worldful,
And laughs as the pattern grows fair
at her loom. . . .

For her heart ever living, grows eager for life,
Its delight and desire; . . .

Oh a grand old time has the earth
In the long long life she lives! —
A grand old time at her work sublime
As she labors and laughs and gives.

(From "Chosen Poems" of Harriet Monroe)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By **DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

DUE TO plans for our Anniversary Services and the 45th Annual Banquet, we will need much of the space this month ordinarily used for Along the Way. We will

therefore publish excerpts from two of Dr. Bradley's sermons in the series on "Immortal Men and Ideas," and next month Dr. Bradley will resume his "Along the Way."

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
February 10, 1957

HAD Abraham Lincoln lived until next Tuesday he would have been one hundred and eighty-four years old! As a boy and as a young man, I remember vividly many men who knew Lincoln. Now we have lived long enough that the men who knew the men who knew Lincoln are rapidly disappearing. And it will not be too long until the difference in the time of Lincoln and the time in which someone lives will be of such proportion that it will be increasingly difficult to keep vital and significant the real Lincoln. I feel that one of the most valuable things that I could do as we think about Lincoln this morning is to bring to young people something of the simplicity and something of the greatness and something of the universality of Lincoln.

Like all geniuses—and he was a genius—he possessed the quality of the universal! Geniuses never belong to a segment of history or a provincial geographic location. The quality that makes genius different from mediocrity is the quality of the universal. That is true of every great person the world has ever known and in no life can it be found any more exemplary or any more effective than in the life of the

Master himself. In America it is not the flighty personalities who have come and gone in the emergencies and expediences of our political life who are sovereign and supreme and are the real contribution of America to ultimate history. Who lives? The great philosophers, William James and Josiah Royce; Ralph Waldo Emerson, Whitman, Carl Sandburg! The real universals are eternal. And when we stand and pause, as we do for a moment this morning, in the presence of the personality of Abraham Lincoln, get the universal sweep of the man! Think of him not as the petty politician—he was a good politician and practiced politics—think of him not as an opportunist, for that is the furthest from his life! Think of him as classical; think of him as a purist; think of him so highly integrated in the basic culture of life, even though he never had a university degree or a college degree or a high school diploma and never went beyond the most rudimental form of elementary education, but think of him as the great classicist whose purity of thought could be robed and bedecked in the choicest jewels of diction ever spoken in the language I am now speaking!

He cannot be explained by any of the processes that explain lesser men. Neither by environment nor heredity, nor by the usual terms we give for the greatness of great people. He, together with practically only twelve other men in the whole range of human history, was so fundamentally integrated on the basic of life that he rises with an ever-increasing ascendancy to the brilliancy of the universal mind. He was incapable of meanness, from the time when he rushed into the newly formed ice over a little pond to rescue a kitten that had been thrown out by his playmates to slide on thin ice, until he wrote one of the most human letters in our language to that dear mother whose son had been sentenced to death because he went to sleep on duty as a soldier in a critical moment! Time after time in this man's life did he evidence his basic and fundamental sympathy with life. And from there he rose into the rugged and powerful frigidity of "no compromise" when wrong was involved. Then it was that he saw so clearly—his mind, like the knife of a surgeon, knew exactly where to make the incision. And, when he saw the principles of morality being vitiated by political activity, against the advice of his dearest friends, even of his Cabinet, he just took his pen and with a stroke of the pen brought all issues quickly into clarity and said: "This nation cannot endure half slave and half free." No fuzziness in Abraham Lincoln's thinking. He thought as clearly as a crystal, and when once the clarity was revealed to him, action was not long behind.

So I am thinking this morning, "What would he say now about all this that we're a part of?"—A man who lived before the gadget age was

born; who never saw an automobile, a television set, a radio, an electric light; who never saw the gadget world of which we are a part; who never saw an electric locomotive; who never saw a diesel; who never saw the mechanical, materialistic age of which we are a part, with its inevitable influences upon culture, upon art, upon education, upon religion; who couldn't possibly anticipate all that's involved in the intricate structure of our contemporary life. Lift him out of the latter part of the nineteenth century, put him in the first half of the twentieth century, through which you and I have lived, and what would he think and what would he say?

I think it is comparatively easy for the careful and analytical observer to go back over the philosophic processes of Abraham Lincoln's mind and to know what he would say. I think Lincoln would be as definite and as dogmatic as he was in the era in which he lived, for he is the great contemporary—and the one thing that would be revealed to him as clearly as I am looking into your faces from the pulpit this morning would be centered on: "Are you sure of your values? In this rush, tension, gadget-hour, confusion, consternation, have you your values straight? Are you thinking straight about your problems? Do you see them as clearly as I saw the disaster of a divided nation? *I* saw that clearly! Are *you* seeing your values?" I think the identical challenge exists today that existed then, and I think the remedy is the same remedy that Lincoln had—confidence in people; love of humanity; purity of motive; justice undergirded with mercy! This is the Lincoln of yesterday, the Lincoln of today, and the Lincoln of tomorrow!

"RALPH WALDO EMERSON"

Sermon By **DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

February 10, 1957

MANY, many years ago I was first introduced to and first read Ralph Waldo Emerson. I was fortunate, in the little high school in our village, in having a teacher of English who was more than a teacher. She possessed a great breadth of mind and a great area of soul, and one of her favorite authors was Emerson. We used to meet together with two or three others who were interested in intellectual and spiritual thinking. We had a very limited grasp of the full scope of the universal mind of Emerson, so we would take turns in reading paragraphs from the essays without making any great effort to explain what Mr. Emerson was trying to say. But we absorbed as much as we could comprehend. If you are confused about the idea of God, instead of trying to understand all of God and what God is, why not take that little segment of God that can become intelligible to you and appropriate that as your own possession, utilizing all that is within the range of your comprehension. That is one of the great contributions that Emerson has made in the field of religious philosophy. But he has done much more, coming, as he did, from a remarkable ancestry of educators and clergymen; trained and fortified at a time in the history of Harvard University and the Harvard Divinity School when it was a great school; having a philosophical and theological illumination as a young man, inexperienced, in his pulpit in the city of Boston; for he was one of the great

pioneer Liberal ministers of the American pulpit, and stood in the pulpit of the Second Unitarian Church of Boston.

The reaction which I inevitably have whenever I pick up a line or a page of Ralph Waldo Emerson is not that he is trying to mold me according to his own philosophy of life—which he never does—but he has the greater capacity of awakening within yourself certain latent and fundamental ideals and thoughts that he does not attempt to pour into his pattern and, in that sense of the word, he is the true teacher. His effort was to have the minds of people do their own thinking and develop their own philosophy and build up their own inner world. Coming as he did when the whole theory of a mechanistic and a materialistic universe was being accepted as ultimate and true, frightening a great many religious-minded people, a great many people who thought of life not only in terms of materialism and mechanics, but who thought in terms of the great mystery of life, it was Emerson who lighted the beacon that burned brightly in the hopes of the mind of man at that early stage in the development of American thought and American literature, that life was idealism as well as the brutalities of mere mechanics; that man was a dignified individual; for in every line of Emerson there runs the throb of the dignity of the human personality!

When he left the Atlantic seaboard, as he did almost every winter, and came out here to the mid-West on his

lecture trips, he read as lectures to the people what later were published as his essays. He lectured all over the middle West, and after receiving the impact of a people who were in the process of becoming and had not arrived, the set condition and conformity of New England he utterly despised; and the influence of the British authors upon American writers he felt was wholly inadequate. Emerson believed that there was in the making a distinctly American culture; an American attitude; and an American interpretation. Consequently he broke even with his friend Carlyle on the one visit which he made to England. He believed there was something rudimentary, that was a part of the roots of the people of America and to this he made his appeal. He sublimated the importance of the individual. He believed there was no person who did not possess somewhere an element of virtue; that there was none so bad but that the process of redemption would do something to his life.

Finding himself so far advanced, even in his Unitarian group, he found that he could not remain in his pulpit, and he resigned. He could not stand, even in Liberal religion, certain attitudes of illiberalism. Ralph Waldo Emerson, out of the welter of this growing pain, this maternity ward of American pioneers, sounded the note of individualism. It was a new philosophy, far deeper than that expressed in our phrase of today, "rugged individualism." It was the individualism of the soul; of the intellect; the individualism that reflects the dignity and the personality of man, in that no external authority in the field of religion or philosophy has any inherent right to command universal acceptance; that man should take only as much truth as he can verify in his own experience;

that man is the center of the cosmos and that the most important thing is that "there are no unimportant people." This has been my favorite phrase through the years. Every soul is sovereign; every mind is a mind that ought to be unfettered. Emerson believed there is no true religion where there is not intellectual freedom; that tyranny of imposed authority in any area stifles the development of the individual thinking; that the crowning achievement and the crowning work of God is the creation of the personality, and when that personality partakes of the nature of the Creator in creativeness, that personality shares the great privilege of association with the Eternal! This was the very heart and soul of Ralph Waldo Emerson and was the reason why the reactionary philosophers and the conservative theologians of his age attempted to ostracize him from all activity! But standing out with brilliancy and loneliness, he dared the great adventure of freedom in all of its areas—freedom from the tyranny of imposed authority in accepting any final word in religion or in philosophy. He believed that the mind of man and the soul of man united in the pilgrimage toward the throne of truth was the greatest adventure in the world—and so it was!

Emerson needed no props; he needed no crutch. In the great courage of his independent thinking, this soul ploughed its way into American literature and American philosophy. He did not leave a school of philosophy—he left the inspiration for the experience of the quest. He did not believe that truth was ever final, and it never is. The absolute has never yet been spoken and has never yet been written. He believed in eternal growth, in the sacredness of the individual, in the dignity of man, and in the great king-

dom building of the spirit of man upon the earth.

We shall not look upon his like again! To every discouraged, disappointed, frustrated soul, he holds up

hope that you and God are one, and that you have a part to play in the process of God Himself! Hold onto that dignity! Believe in yourself—for faith in yourself and faith in man is faith in God!

“ARE YOU KILLING YOURSELF?”

Sermon By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

January 13, 1957

WHEN I was graduating from high school, in Linden, Michigan, back in 1905, the average life span of an American citizen was forty-five years! I can see by the look upon the faces of the congregation, particularly the young folks, that you almost think that's incredible, but it is true! Now the life span of a high school boy today in the United States is sixty-eight point nine! That has happened in my lifetime! The probabilities are that the life span will increase, and I'm quite sure that it will—and better minds than mine have said so. Seventy-five, eighty, one hundred—the time may come when man will live to be a hundred and twenty-five or a hundred and fifty years old, and function biologically and physiologically better than he does today at forty! That is within the realm of possibility!

I made that statement the other day where I was lecturing and a woman in the front row said, quite audibly, to her friend who was by her: “Well, who'd want to live a hundred and fifty years in a world like this?” Now the interesting reaction to that woman's remark, and you may have anticipated it, is that it isn't going to be this kind of a world. This kind of a world is so wearing down the human personality and is so saturating it with disintegrat-

ing and devitalizing influences that, in spite of physical and materialistic developments of science in making it possible for human life to continue a long time, science will not be able to accomplish the purpose at all, no matter how much it knows and how much it is able to build an environment in which the actual physical structure could live a hundred and fifty or two hundred years, unless we change this kind of world.

Now the proof of that, it seems to me, is to be found in this sober and challenging fact: that while man today can live longer than man has ever lived in the history of humanity—and he can; the average life span today of the individual is longer than the life span has ever been for an individual in human history—the fact of the matter is that he is breaking down and dying earlier, in many areas of life, than man has ever done in the past! If we could duplicate today, in every institution in the United States, the rooms available for those who are suffering psychical conditions, breakdowns of nervous vitality, mental breakdowns, glandular breakdowns—particularly of the pituitary and the adrenal glands, and there are only three glands that control this matter in the whole human body—if we had just twice the amount of space

(Continued on page 10)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

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EDITORIAL

DANIEL BOONE and his wife had lived for some time in a little prairie home in the uncharted west of our country. One time Daniel, looking out of the window, saw another pioneer coming along the highway. He said to him: "Where do you live?" "Oh, I live 75 miles further east." Daniel turned, walked into the house and said to his wife, "Come on, let's pack; let's get ready to move; they are crowding in on us."

There are many people who are telling us every day that America needs this, America needs that, the world needs this or it needs that. Will you forgive me if I tell you what I think it needs?

We have a potentiality of physical resourcefulness that gives a very definite sense of security. We think we are different and that nothing finally which would be fatal could ever happen to us. We have that inner security. We feel that we are the best educated people in the world and that we are an intellectual people.

We have the physical vitality, the intellectual resourcefulness and we have an inner sense of safety; and we

have been presented with what is probably the greatest opportunity that a people have ever known in the use or abuse of atomic power; and it has presented for us a crisis.

What do I think is our greatest need? It is summed up in a word of three letters: O U R—not *mine*, not *I*, but OUR. Who taught us that word? "OUR Father who art in heaven." Our Father—our nation—our church—our country — our brother — our world! Don't you see what that word would do? It means community—OUR expresses community of soul. OUR—the Chinese word for "crisis" is made out of two characters—one, "danger" and the other "opportunity."

We can take the crisis before the world and before nations and it can portend danger for us all, or it can be made opportunity for us all. I propose to use it as opportunity. So I am going to say "OUR" from now on. "US!" Will you say it, too, more than you have?

Let us say "brotherhood," that OUR may become a reality!

Thomas Curtis Clark, in one of his anthologies, gives us these lines on

True Brotherhood, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"God, what a world if men in street
and mart
Felt that same kinship of the human

heart
Which makes them, in the face of fire
and flood,
Rise to the meaning of True Brotherhood."

"ARE YOU KILLING YOURSELF?"

(Continued from page 8)

available for the care of people who need psychiatric help in this country, we could increase it twice more and yet would not be able to take care of the people who are breaking down psychically right in the midst of an era when they could live longer than man has ever lived before! And if you will consult the best surgeons and the best physicians and the best psychologists and the best psychiatrists and those who understand the most about psychosomatic medicine you will find that what I have just told you is tragically true!

Here we are, so complete masters of our physical environment that the heat of summer and the cold of winter mean nothing; that the difficulty of getting from one place to another anywhere in the world means nothing; that every person in this congregation this morning and every person listening to me now this morning, and every person who will be listening tonight at half-past nine, every person in association with this service at this moment—there are no exceptions, not one—each one of us is being the victim of certain forces in our highly materialized, mechanized, scientific society that, unless we get on our guard and do something about it, each of us, as an individual, is actually killing himself! We don't like to think of it objectively—no person likes to think of the possibilities of that objectively—but we are the victims of something in a highly

complicated mechanized society that is doing something to each one of us! And there's no one escaping from it! There isn't a person here or listening for whom it is possible to escape from the challenge! We are in the world; we are a part of what is happening, and there isn't a person in this congregation who is more than fifty hours away from every other person in the world! It doesn't matter where it is in the world or who the people are—you and I are only fifty hours away from them! Man has made a bridge of the clouds and spanned the round earth. He whispers into a little bundle of tin like this microphone, these two into which I am speaking this morning—three of them, practically, with our amplifying microphones—but each one of these microphones, I can whisper into this microphone and the boys from this church in Germany and in the outposts of the world can hear me catch my breath before the last person on the mezzanine floor there can hear me within the building itself! They can hear me in Germany, in Korea, catch my breath before the sound reaches the last person in that mezzanine there!

Now we're in that kind of a world. There are no mountains—they don't exist; there are no seas—they don't exist; there are no barriers—they don't exist! We're in a world in which transportation and communications have developed to such scientific veloc-

ity that for the first time in the history of man he has an environment in which, unless he is able to regulate that environment in relationship to his own inner soul, he is going to run into trouble! It seems to me this is so obvious it doesn't even need illumination.

Now what is the thing that you and I can build into life that will enable us to resist running away from it—I don't want to run away from it; I don't believe in running away from it! There never was a problem solved by running away from it! The first thing that the one who is treating the illnesses of the human soul has to do when people come to him with their troubles and their illnesses, is to get the difficulty out of the dark and into the light. You can't help anybody with these problems as long as they bury the problem itself! But when they will come to you and tell the whole story—then you may be able to really help in the problem—that is why the confessional of the Roman Catholic Church and the higher Anglican Churches is fundamentally and psychologically sound! It is a good thing to have a confessor—that's good. And the first thing that is necessary with a twisted and a tortured soul is to sit down with that soul and have them make a complete revelation of the darkest, deepest corners of their life! That is "number one" on the technique of curing a twisted, distorted soul! And if they do not reveal the depths, they never can experience the heights!

One of America's most distinguished physicians, who speaks with authority, has recently made a statement which has startled those of us who are in the field and who are trying to analyze this problem of helping men and women as much as we can, constructively and creatively. He said that sixty-four percent—now that's more than half—sixty-four percent of the people who

go to physicians need never go if they had in their lives a great faith—if they had something to which they were anchored, some great constructive, dominating imperative of their lives; a great faith! The first essential is to have faith in humanity—that's the first thing, faith in your fellow man. A person is always in trouble himself who thinks that the rest of the world is a world of chicanery and of failure and a fake. A person who has no faith in his humanity is a person who can never build a constructive faith in himself! You not only have to believe in God, you have to believe in man! And it is beyond me how anybody could believe in God without believing in man—for man is God's creation; and I do not see how a person can believe in the dignity of man without believing in the greatness of the creative principle of the cosmos which, for lack of a better name, I call God! Therefore, if your own life is floundering and you're rudderless and you're drifting and the psychical impression of life is tearing at your inner soul, reorganize this question of faith! Have you lost your faith in man; have you lost your faith in a divine pattern; have you lost your faith in government; have you lost your faith in the educational processes; have you lost your faith in the scientific processes; have you lost your faith in rationalization of life? Examine yourself! And the second thing is to believe in yourself! There is a divine egotism, and if you do not have respect for yourself you must not expect any one else to have any respect for you! Therefore, there is a spiritual egotism. Develop an intense faith in yourself! To take the attitude that you can't do this and you can't do that; that you're inferior; that you're poorly equipped; that you're incompetent; that you haven't the spirit; that you haven't the body;

that you haven't the looks; that you haven't the training; that you haven't the capacity—banish that from your minds as you would banish an adder from your beds! Why, the fact of the matter is, that a person who loses faith in himself is on the way to breakdown and collapse! That attitude has filled the mental institutions of the country; that attitude has caused more heartache and sorrow in human life than any other thing I know!

Now what, in a final suggestion of technique, may I suggest? Let me suggest this. Hurry? No! Confusion? No! None of these things. What? Silence! A few moments a day, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, in which you shut the raucous voices of the world out and open the doors of your life to the infiltration of the spiritual beauty of life! Then you will build! Not too long ago I had occasion to take a late night

train from the Union Station downtown for the East. I called Mrs. Bradley before the train left and she said to me: "I can't hear you. Where's all the noise coming from?" She said: "I can hear all the sounds of the depot. Why don't you shut the door of the telephone booth so I can hear you?" I shut the door and she said: "Now I hear you perfectly!" I shut out the sounds of the station and she could hear! You shut the door of the world and you too can hear the sublime melody and beauty of an integrated, strong, physically-identified, spiritually-alert, glorious vitality—and illness, disease, pain, failure will evaporate! Are you killing yourself? Think about it this afternoon!

May the spirit of the quiet, the confidence of the intimate, the voice of the friend, be heard in all of our hearts, that the warmth of love may melt all the agony and hate of life itself.

OUR SYMPATHY

(Remarks made by Dr. Bradley Sunday, Jan. 13, at the morning service.)

EVERYONE in this church was deeply grieved during the past week, at the passing of one of our oldest and one of our most faithful members, and one of the best friends I have ever had in my life—Mrs. Martha C. Denicke.

Mr. and Mrs. Denicke had been associated with this church for more than forty years. Mr. Denicke was Superintendent of our church school for many, many years. He passed on some years ago. Mrs. Denicke lingered with us until this past week, January 10th.

She was the first Chairman of the Philanthropic Committee of the Woman's Club of our church. She estab-

lished the Red Cross Unit in this church in the First World War. She was a pioneer in social service in this city and was associated and worked with Miss Jane Addams.

I was with her just a few hours before her passing and I have never known a person, knowing they were facing, inevitably, the experience of death, who ever met it more triumphantly, more fearlessly than did she! It was a beautiful experience for me.

That family, long before I was married, many years ago opened their home to me. I went from the early services of this church many, many Sundays, invited to their home for dinner. They were an unusual family—she was an unusual woman. Up until her death she never missed, either by attendance or radio, the service of

this church which she loved as she loved life itself.

As I stood beside her in death on Thursday of this week I realized that another life out of the great past of this institution was to receive its reward. I shall miss her, and the church will miss her, and we extend to every member of her family—her two daughters, her granddaughter and her great-grandson, whom she loved devotedly—our deepest sympathy on this, the first Sunday without her upon this earth. She was more than ninety, but up to the last her mind and her heart were alert with love and with beauty.

* * *

(Remarks by Dr. Bradley Feb. 3, at the morning service.)

Every week that passes in the life of our church and in the circle of our friendships, the inevitable visitor crosses our threshold. This past week it has removed from us a man who has been associated with this church for more than forty years;—in many respects one of the greatest men I have ever known.

He came to this country as a little Danish boy, not speaking a word of our language, and penniless. He came to the City of Chicago, and later established two great industries in this city and gave to them the best years of his wonderful life—The American Glove Manufacturing Company and the American Leather Company.

We all knew him and we all loved him. He was a great American. And so effectively did he live the cultural and spiritual background of his own people and so greatly did he honor here in the City of Chicago his origin, that the King of his homeland, Denmark, conferred upon him a Knighthood.

He was a member of our Men's

Club. Now the oldest member of our church, he passed on this week at the age of ninety-eight. And as I sat by his side just a few hours before his passing, I had affirmed again what I have often seen—that death at the end of a beautiful life is a beautiful adventure. There was no fear, there was no anxiety. He had lived a great life.

This church will miss him. Sir Peter Reisenhus has gone, and to Mrs. Reisenhus, and to every member of his family we extend our deepest sympathies on this day.

* * *

The visitor entered another family—the family of Mrs. Nancy Pratt. Mrs. Pratt was not yet thirty. I conducted her marriage service about seven years ago. She leaves a lovely child. To the heartbroken husband and father, and to Mrs. Pratt's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Meyers, we send our sympathy and love.

* * *

Tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock, at Scott's Funeral Home in Wilmette, we will conduct the service of another great friend of our church through the years—Dr. H. H. Bay. He, too, had lived a most distinguished life in the practice of his profession, and in his identification with two great insurance companies in our community. And when I visited at the chapel with Mrs. Bay and her son yesterday, there was almost a glow in their faces—a glow of gratitude that one could live over eighty years and be at the side of his companion for more than sixty years—almost a coronation day. My dear friends, it is best to make life a beautiful experience as we go along, that we may come to old age with memories of gratitude at having met life's responsibilities.



BOOK CHATS

ON March 4th, Dr. Rufus Lee, a member of our church for many, many years, will show colored movies, with sound musical background and live narration, of the Jivaros of South America. This is the most complete and authentic film in existence of the most dangerous, warlike and most feared Indians of the Amazon jungle. The film will include head hunter's ceremonies and head-shrinking. Because every year Dr. Lee penetrates farther and farther into this little explored and known-about region, bringing back authentic films for the members of the church to see, I am sure you will be interested in a book published February 20th of this year, called *The World of the Inca*, by Bertrand Flornoy, published by The Vanguard Press (\$4.50).

Surely it is time we became more interested in our neighboring American continent. Bertrand Flornoy is an explorer, scientist and author who has received many medals and honors in recognition of his scientific achievements. He is President of the French Society of Explorers and Travelers, is on the central commission of the Geographical Society of Paris and is a member of the Geographical Society of Lima and of the Explorers' Club of New York. He enlisted in the French Army in 1939 at the outbreak of World War II; was awarded the Croix de Guerre and is a member of the Legion of Honor. He now holds a reserve commission as lieutenant in the colonial infantry.

Mr. Flornoy has spent an important part of his life in the forbidding, often terrifying and largely unknown re-

gions of the Upper Amazon and the Andes. He has led or taken part in half a dozen scientific explorations of that territory, sponsored by the leading geographical and historical societies of both France and Peru.

His reports, articles, books and films cover every phase of Amazonian and Andean life—he knows the cannibalistic Jivaros as he does the Bora, the Witoto, and other folk. He has studied nearly every aspect of the culture of these lands and reported in detail: history, geography, archeology, anthropology, linguistics, and folk music. He has traveled from the headwaters of the Amazon to its mouth. When this book, *The World of the Inca*, went to press, its author was engaged in another archeological expedition to the basin of the Marañón, where he already had discovered numerous ruins.

The book is translated from the original French by Winifred Bradford. At the end of the book there is listed the attempts to classify chronologically the ancient civilizations of Peru, beginning with 4000 B.C. There is a very extensive bibliography of part one and two of the book, and a five-page index to the book's 204 pages.

Part One begins with "The Village of Adventure," in 1524, when Francisco Pizarro, Diego de Almagro and Father Ferdinand de Luque and others were stationed in the small town of Panama and were waiting for an opportunity to set out for the land washed by the Southern Sea, the Pacific Ocean, which had been discovered eleven years before by the Conquistador Balboa.

This part of the book brings us to

the conquest of the Incas and the death of Atahualpa, their King, and later the death of Pizarro.

Pizarro was never to find out what manner of land he had conquered, because gold and gold only was his dream and it was also his defeat. In his hunt for gold, the majesty of the Inca story eluded him. Only in our time have the secrets of the Inca world gradually emerged. All phases of that civilization are revealed in Mr. Flornoy's book. In this great empire there was no form of writing, and savagery and the most modern concepts went hand in hand.

In *The World of the Inca* we find out why this great and powerful empire fell prey so easily to a handful of Spanish adventurers. We read of their beliefs, their gods, their legends and traditions, and their social organization.

Mr. Flornoy tells us that Peru is a workroom of history—a living Indian adventure. His book is exciting and challenging and combines the best aspects of both history and adventure. The author, who is President of the Explorers Club of France, has made six expeditions exploring these Inca regions, uncovering hidden ruins, living among the people, penetrating the immense forests at the headwaters of the world's greatest rivers.

At the end of the book a list of the Inca kings is given, from the end of the 11th century to 1530. Then there is listed the attempts to classify chronologically the ancient civilizations of Peru. There is a three-page bibliography and an index of five pages. As the book is not a large book, this will give you some idea of what a complete index it contains.

* * *

Many of the hundreds of people who heard Dr. Bradley's sermon on "Tran-

quilizing Pills," should be interested in a little book of 114 pages published by Henry Regnery Company, written by Samuel W. Gutwirth (\$3.00). The title of the book is *You Can Stop Worrying*. We are told worrying can be stopped by learning to relax our muscles.

The author received extensive training and education in the field of Progressive Relaxation from personal study with Dr. Edmund Jacobson, internationally known physiological psychologist. Dr. Jacobson developed and first presented Progressive Relaxation as a Science at Harvard University in 1908, and later continued his researches at the University of Chicago and the Laboratory for Clinical Physiology.

Progressive relaxation, says this author, can be essential in preventing coronary heart attacks and prolonging life after one has been so stricken. One special feature of the book is an entire chapter on the relationship between worry and coronary heart disease. The book contains an extensive bibliography and index. Also a glossary of terms used.

The chapter headings might interest the reader: Learn to Live—The Legion of the Worried—Science Sheds Light on the Phenomenon of Worrying—Tension, Relaxation, and Related Phenomena—A New Concept of Man in Action—The Aim of Scientific Relaxation—Technique of General Relaxation—Technique of Differential Relaxation—Release From Worry and Fear—For Your Heart's Sake, Stop Worrying.

It might be well in this tense age for all of us to read this book thoughtfully.



REWARD YOURSELF SERIES

By Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh
Woman's Club of Peoples Church

Self-Culture and Gratitude

I feel that self-culture and gratitude are very closely related. Culture is the act of improving or developing one's self by education and discipline, or in other words, discipline acquired by mental and moral training. So a self-cultured person is one who is capable of obtaining and absorbing these qualities. They may be found in the home, or they may be obtained from teachers and other wise persons. You know, as well as I, the names of many great artists, actors, writers and musicians, who radiate these qualities and have the desire to pass them on to others. But today I would like to tell you about a few other people. First, a story that Frazer Hunt wrote about a little boy.

"He was a ragged, under-sized, under-nourished hill boy of the Virginia Alleghenies. For a half dozen generations his ancestors had been isolated here in these high, narrow valleys until good roads, schools and radios let in a little hope and ambition.

"He stood on the side of the paved highway and waved an appeal for a ride. I stopped and let him in. 'Where you headed for, Buddie?' I asked. 'Bout fifteen mile daown the trail,' he answered. 'How old are you?' 'Leven.' I stole a look at him. He was about the size of a normal eight-year-old. His face was thin and sallow, his overalls were patched and torn. 'What's your Dad do?' 'He's daid.' We rode along for some time in silence. Then I asked him, 'When did he die?' 'When I was less'n a year old. Got killed in a mine.' 'What's your Mother do, Buddie?' 'Washes for folks.' 'Got any brothers?' 'Nary a one, but I got three sisters.' 'What do they do?' 'Help Maw.' I

asked the question I had been leading up to: 'What are you going to be, Buddie, when you grow up? A coal miner?' 'Nope, I'm going to be a doctor,' he answered proudly. 'That's fine!' was all I could say.

"As we drove along on that lovely Fall morning, I could not get my mind off this ambitious lad and his relation to the America of the future. Suddenly it occurred to me that, despite droughts and financial depressions and political incapacities, so long as fatherless hill boys are dreaming and pulling themselves up by their own boot straps, this country of ours is sound. Our proudest crop is not corn or cotton, or stocks and bonds, but imaginative, high hearted boys and girls.

"In no other land in the world would this lad have aspired to a higher position than his father's. But here an eager mother, or some far-sighted teacher had taken him to one of his own hilltops and shown him the beckoning world of achievement that lay in the misty distances below."

"This, it seems to me, is the peculiar genius of America only."

No one is born too humble or lowly to reach the heights of self-culture and gratitude. And speaking of gratitude, when a self-cultured person like Helen Keller can be grateful, we should all count our blessings. I am reminded of what she wrote after reading Descartes maxim, "I think; therefore, I am." I quote: "Those five emphatic words waked something in me that has never slept since. I knew then my mind could be a positive instrument of happiness, bridging the dark, silent void with concepts of a vibrant, light-flooded happiness. I learned that it is possible for us to create light and sound and order within us, no matter what calamity may befall us in the outer world." "I think; therefore, I am."

Last summer I was privileged to be

sitting in the audience at a benefit concert given by a young lady who had fulfilled her ambition of becoming an opera singer. It was a beautiful concert. A few seats away from me sat an older woman who was deeply interested in the singer for she had been her first voice teacher and benefactress. When announcing one of the numbers she was to sing, lovely Gloria Lind said, "This song is dedicated to my dear teacher, Mrs. Byfield." Her eyes were shining with gratitude. Mrs. Byfield's eyes were filled with tears of gratitude.

Many young people need help in achieving self-culture. A fine example of such help is Dr. Lawrence Jones, the Little Professor of Piney Woods

Country Life School for Negroes. The Doctor supervises everything. He feels it is his duty to set an example, and a fine example he is. On the road, when addressing audiences, he preaches this Gospel of Piney Woods: "Teach the boys and girls how to work with their hands, so they will be able to make a living; academic subjects to make them articulate and adjusted to American culture; and some moral and religious training as a substitute for superstition and fear." In a letter that I received from him recently, he closed with this sentence, and it has given me a great deal to think about. I would like to leave it with you:

"I live in the joy of spraying a human orchard."

MARCH SERMONS

(Dr. and Mrs. Bradley return March 18th from their Caribbean Cruise)

Mar. 3—Rev. Waldemar Argow, Peoples Church, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Mar. 10—Rev. Waldemar Argow

Mar. 13—Wednesday Evening Book Review by Rev. Waldemar Argow

Mar. 17—Rev. Virgil A. Kraft, Traveler, Writer, Director, Religious and Educational Broadcasting, WSEL FM

Mar. 24—Dr. Preston Bradley

Mar. 31—Anniversary Sunday—The church will observe Dr. Bradley's 45th Anniversary at both services with special programs.

11 a.m.—"World Report"

7 p.m.—"Impressions of Japan & India"

11 a.m.—"Why This is a Great Time to Be Alive"

7 p.m.—"How to Read the Book of Nature"

8 p.m.—"The Circle of Faith" by Marcus Bach

11 a.m.—"Your Slice of Life"

7 p.m.—"Life in Russia as I Saw It" Movies with sound. Actual recordings made in Russia.

11 a.m.—"Are You Being Fair to Yourself?"

7 p.m.—"Caribbean Reflections."



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THE International Relations Department of the Woman's Club presented an unusually fine program on January 21st, but it was too late in the month for us to be able

to report it in the February number.

Mrs. Clifton Utley, Director of the Institute of International Education, was the Guest Speaker of the day, and gave a great deal of information about

principally from the literature for which I sent later on.

The address consisted of a sort of picture in words of what happens in a day at the headquarters of the Institute of International Relations. We were indeed fortunate to be favored with this opportunity to hear Mrs. Utley, who is an extremely interesting speaker. I was grateful to have been privileged to be there that day, and I thought how many wonderful things are going on in this world which thousands of people know nothing about. So many opportunities for service! More occasions for finding out about them should be offered the public. We are not sufficiently exposed to the great opportunities that surround us.

I felt that the entire audience that day was grateful to the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church and to Elsa McCloy for this excellent program and fine opportunity.

AND, BY THE WAY—

We congratulate Mrs. L E. McCloy, the wife of a member of the Board of Trustees of the Church on her recent election to the Advisory Board of the Volunteer Bureau of the Chicago Welfare Council. Most of our members no doubt know that "our Elsa" is a past member of the Board of the YWCA; that she gives hours and days and months of service to the Illinois Crippled Children's Association, serving in the summer camp and all during the year with these little folks. In addition all of her neighbors know of her unselfish and loving service to them in times of need—a true Volunteer, if ever there was one. We are proud of this appointment and of the appointee.

* * *

Dr. Preston Bradley,
Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find the little poem which I promised to send to you on

the occasion of our meeting at the Robert Burns Society Annual Banquet. I also wish again to congratulate you on your brilliant oration to the memory of our beloved Scottish Poet, Robert Burns. To me it was about the most sincere and scintillating oration to the memory of our beloved peasant bard that I have ever had the pleasure of listening to. I beg to remain

Sincerely and respectfully yours,
Hamish MacLachlan Manwell

* * *

ALPHA AND OMEGA

Oh mystery of life, when comes the dawn!

A feeble cry—another soul is born
From out oblivion's night into the realm
of day—

A soul imprisoned in a mask of clay.

A mask of clay yet moulded wondrous fair,
Designed and blessed with God's infinite
care,

To blend and fit the skein of life and fate—
Imbued and blessed with love, and cursed
with hate.

Oh mystery of life! Death ends life's fleeting
day;

A feeble moan—breath leaves this mask of
clay.

This mask of clay becomes a lifeless clod;

The imprisoned soul set free, returns to
God.

Hamish MacLachlan Manwell

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

As an old retired book-man who, until 1937 enjoyed his business, or may I say "his hobby" in a bookstore downtown, and for two years the Broadway-Wilson Bookshop under the Elevated, now, as I listened to your most interesting appraisal on the radio, of the life of Thomas Paine, you reminded me, Dr. Bradley, of my previous efforts many years past, trying to convince the public coming into a bookstore, of the importance of reading all the books of Thomas Paine.

You have so beautifully and courageously outlined Thomas Paine's ambitions and desires, with his liberty-loving aims for all classes of people,

causing me to find your speech most inspiring on your well-selected subject, especially so at the present time. I trust your suggestion to the congregation and all radio listeners to read all the books of Thomas Paine may help to give more enlightenment to the combined great audience of Peoples Church of Chicago. All books were originally published in paper covers and are quite reasonable.

Your publication "The Liberalist" could not have selected a better title, because of the broad-minded attitude and the sincerity of expression for all peoples, regardless of religious beliefs.

My old good friend, Allen W. Moore, 300 Golf Avenue, Jackson, Michigan, formerly of Chicago, just advised me how glad he is that I suggested for him to subscribe for "The Liberalist." He writes to me, "We always seem to agree on good reading." I started with the December number and I really like it. I noticed his contribution in a poem, last December, 1956.

Thanking you again, Dr. Bradley, for a great oration in your sermon of February 3, 1957, in the cause of freedom and justice for all peoples, and with best wishes to all of you in the good efforts of the staff and members of the congregation, I remain

Sincerely,

Charles Goldman

* * *

A quote from a beautiful letter by Marie B. Partridge (sorry not to have room for all of it which tells of the courage Dr. Bradley's words had given her, in overcoming bitterness and finally seeing victory over devastating illness of a member of her family):

"You, who enjoy taking common sayings and turning them into sermons, should find interest and perhaps

amusement in the comment I made to myself about you one Sunday morning . . .

"At that moment I was out of work, broke, depressed. Three months of trying any which way, at any salary, to get any kind of a job and getting one "NO" after the other had me pretty much at my wit's end. I was fiddling on my radio, trying to get some music, when I heard some remarks that ended up with the question: "Is THAT Christianity?" Instead of trying for a station with music, I kept listening, wondering all the time "What in the world is this?" At the end of the broadcast the announcer informed me that it was you, from The Peoples Church. I wrote a note to myself and Scotch-Taped it to the radio for time and station . . . and from that Sunday I have listened in every Sunday that I was within hearing distance of the service. After the second or third broadcast, I used the common saying—"Well, well, Dr. Bradley, where have you been all my life?"

"I suppose that sounds silly, inasmuch as you have been right there all these years; but that was my first inoculation of a treatment which has been of great spiritual therapeutic value to me; and this is a Thank You and an expression of gratitude from me."

* * *

REMEMBER to get your reservation in AT ONCE for the grand celebration and 45th ANNUAL DINNER at the CONRAD-HILTON HOTEL, GRAND BALLROOM, APRIL 1ST, because first come first served as to location. Make your reservation and a numbered ticket will be mailed you. \$5.50, including tax and tip.

KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY, 1957

- 2—Funeral
Sick calls
- 3—Cut Vesper record. WCFL
Uptown Lions Club, Opening of new
restaurant at Wilson & Broadway
Meeting of Clarence Darrow Centen-
nial Committee, YMCA
- 4—Address. Temple Shalom
- 5—Wedding
Sick calls
- 6—Sermon. Peoples Church, a.m.
Sermon. Peoples Church, p.m.
- 8—Address. 47th Annual Banquet, Dayton
Realtors, Biltmore Hotel, Dayton,
Ohio
- 9—Opening Book Lecture. 24th Season.
Peoples Church.
- 10—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library
Address. Central Lions Club, Bismarck
Hotel
Funeral
Wedding
Invocation, Chicago Traffic Club, at
Union League Club
- 11—Cut record WCFL for Vesper Service
Conference, Virgil Kraft
Address. Hawthorne School Parent
Teacher's Assoc.
- 13—Sermon. Peoples Church, a.m.
Sermon. Peoples Church, p.m.
- 14—Two Funerals
Board Meeting, Chicago Public Library
- 15—Luncheon and conference, Howard
Mayer and Associate
- 16—Address. Greater Muskegon's Foremen's
Club. Masonic Temple, Muskegon,
Michigan
- 17—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library
Sick calls
- 18—Cut Vesper record
Attended reception for Earl Atlee,
former British Prime Minister and
Countess Atlee, English Speaking
Union
Address. Founders' Night (54) Izaak
Walton League of America. Old Hei-
delberg Restaurant
- 19—Address. Annual Dinner, Burns Society
of Chicago. Palmer House
- 20—Sermon. Peoples Church, a.m.
Wedding
Evening Service. Illustrated Lecture,
Mrs. C. L. Frederick
- 22—Address. Annual Dinner, Toledo Real
Estate Board, Commodore Perry
Hotel, Toledo, Ohio
- 23—Address. Bloom Township High School.
Rural-Urban Banquet. Chicago
Heights, Illinois
- 24—Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library
Address. Annual Dinner, Davenport
Chamber of Commerce, Black Hawk
Hotel, Davenport, Iowa
- 25—Cut Vespers record, WCFL
Address. Opening, Bezazian Branch
Uptown Chicago Library
- 26—Two Funerals
- 27—Sermon. Peoples Church, a.m.
Sermon. Peoples Church, p.m.
- 29—Cut two records for Vesper Service,
WCFL
- 30—Funeral
Sick calls
- 31—Book Lecture, Chicago Public Library
Cut two records for Vesper services.
WCFL

FUNERALS

- 2—Andrew Ratzer
- 10—Mrs. C. W. Denicke
- 14—Paul A. Leschuck
Mrs. Jane D. Hollis
- 26—Carl J. Sorensen
Mrs. Caroline Weil
- 30—Sir Peter Reisenhus

WEDDINGS

- 5—Janice Carson and Raymond Tokarz
- 10—Joyce Krell and Allen Krell (10th Ann.)
- 20—Valerie Frances Marchant and Rick
Riccardo

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School	9:30 a.m.
Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.	
Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent	
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD	11:00 to 12:00 noon
Morning Service Re-broadcast, WSEL, 104.3, FM, Sunday	9:30 p.m.
Vespers Broadcast, WCFL	5:30 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service	7:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Lecture, Mar. 13, Church Auditorium, by the Rev. Waldemar Argow—"The Circle of Faith" by Marcus Bach	8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Mar. 4, Education Dept., Mrs. H. B. Spencer, Chrmn., will present Dr. Rufus Lee, who will show colored movies with sound musical background and live narration—the most complete and authentic film of the Jivaros (the most dangerous, warlike and most feared Indians of the Amazon Jungle); see head hunter's ceremonies and head-shrinking. In Reward Yourself Series, Mrs. Wyllys Hagen will present a paper on "Ideals and Discouragements." Hostesses, Mrs. M. W. Bradway, Mrs. Henry Schlote and Mrs. J. J. Wayland	1:00 p.m.
Wednesday, Mar. 17, The Ways and Means Committee will hold a dessert games party and penny social. Table and door prizes. All are invited. Donation \$1.00.	1:00 p.m.
Monday, Mar. 18, Music and Drama Dept., Mrs. Geo. P. Hettinger, Chrmn., will present Dorothy Christman in humorous characterizations. Co-chairman, Mrs. Carl Marinello. Hostesses: Mrs. Christ Larsen, Mrs. Wm. Emerich, Mrs. W. E. Walker, Mrs. Walter Springer	1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tues., Mar. 19, in Anderson Hall, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, Prog. Chrmn., will present Dr. Llewellyn Heard, Chief Chemist, Standard Oil Co., Whiting, Ind., in his lecture-demonstration on "Fire Magic." Public welcomed. Refreshments. Hostesses: Mrs. Rosemary Christenson, Mrs. Elsa McCloy, Miss Amy Mayo and Miss Elsie Sykora	8:00 p.m.
Sun., Mar. 24, in Anderson Hall, Mrs. Porter, Prog. Chrmn., will present Mrs. Marilyn Jacobson in a musical program. Hostesses: Maude & Ethel Thorsell	4:00 p.m.
Usher's Club—Weds., Mar. 6, will present Rev. Waldemar Argow in a book review of "The Pursuit of Happiness" by R. M. MacIver	8:00 p.m.
Men's Club—Tues., March 26, the Men's Club will present Dr. Bradley and Mr. Leo Lerner. The Men's Club of Temple Sholom will be Honored Guests of our Men's Club. Mr. Lerner will have for his subject, "The Itch of Opinion." Refreshments. Men only	8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. <i>In Memoriam</i> .	
Channing Club for young adults. Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed	9:30 a.m.
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.	
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave.	7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall	7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall	3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall	3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning	11:00 to 12:00 noon
WCFL—New program by Dr. Bradley, Vespers Broadcast—Every Sunday	5:00 p.m.
WSEL—104.3 FM Sunday Morning Service Re-broadcast	9:30 p.m.

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